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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A biography of one of Chicago's most unique figures and leaders will be published serially in UNITY beginning March 1st

DAVID SWING

THE PROPHET OF CHICAGO

Is it still true that

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"?

It is sadly true that as yet no biography of the late Professor Swing has been written. The fugitive sketches that have appeared have been necessarily inadequate and oftentimes inaccurate. It is then with great satisfaction that the publishers of UNITY announce that, with the beginning of the next volume, March 1, it proposes to publish the story of the life and a study of the ministry of David Swing, the poet preacher who for so many years touched the life of Chicago at its most vital points, ameliorating its crudities, softening its harshness and permanently modifying its spiritual climate. This series of articles will appear weekly and will run through the better part of the year.

Professor Swing left no material for a biography. Indeed, it never occurred to the modest man that his life was worthy of special record or that anyone in future years would sit down and tell his story. This beautiful, though excessive, modesty makes the task of his biographer a difficult one. However, his friends have been kind and helpful, his daughter especially gracious in giving access to his private manuscripts, and in the Rev. Joseph Newton, of Dixon, Ills., is to be found a man who has been deeply impressed and permanently profited by the ministry of David Swing, and he brings to the work a gifted mind and a skilful pen.

It has been said that "The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time." Hence, it is high time that the life of David Swing should be studied,—a life that, like that of Lincoln, was founded upon pity, the pity that made him a "Man of Sorrows," but sorrow was the only shadow upon the spotless life. There was no vanity, envy or unseemly ambition. The charm of his nature was a blending of composure, gentleness and simplicity. His christianity was mellowed with universality; his ethics made profound with the impartiality of a philosopher; his piety was touched with the dream-like pensiveness of a poet.

Writes Mr. Newton, the biographer:

"My labor has been a labor of love. What David Swing did for me I shall never be able to tell. He was a friend and helper in a time of crisis, a dear mentor in a wilderness of doubt. After Emerson and Browning, the gentle, humane, wise, meditative Swing has been my best friend among the moderns. And this is true of thousands of men and women all over the land, to whom the world has never seemed quite the same since the heavens received him out of sight. I feel that we are now far enough away from him to see him in the juster perspective of years, and to estimate him for what he was."

The publishers of UNITY believe that there are scattered all over the country countless souls who were touched more or less directly by the life and words of Professor Swing before his death who will be glad of this opportunity to renew their acquaintance, and there are countless others who need such an acquaintance. The first of March is a good time to renew your subscriptions and to make new ones for UNITY. Is it not possible, with the co-operation of present subscribers, and this rare opportunity to obtain the story of Professor Swing, with the other good and true things which UNITY tries to tell, to double the subscribers? Let each one try to get another one and it will be done.

Now is the time to Subscribe for UNITY

and to enable every one to secure all of this biography, we now offer Two Full Years Subscriptions to UNITY, at least one being a new name, for only THREE DOLLARS. If you have already renewed your subscription for the current year you can still take advantage of this offer by securing one new name and sending us three dollars, and your date of expiration will be pushed forward one year.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Station M, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1908 NUMBER 24

"We are glad to give Thirty Dollars for the Endowment Fund for UNITY. There are probably none among your subscribers who owe so much to UNITY as the inmates of this little home among the hills of Nebraska. If we can leave UNITY to encourage and comfort our children we feel that they can face the future fearlessly. Yesterday Mr. ————, of ————, Nebraska, held out to Mr. ———— a clipping from UNITY, saying, 'That alone is worth the subscription price.'" A young friend in the East writes: "Unity is my church and Sabbath School; I shall never be without it."

Prof. Zueblin, of Chicago, is doing missionary work in the East, speaking in Boston of the attempt of wealthy men to direct the administration of their wealth for a long time after their death, even with minute directions. He characterized it as "a raw and crude immortality that will inevitably send the grandchildren to the devil."

It would seem to be unnecessary to remind the readers of UNITY that its editorial contributors are not responsible for one another's opinions. The Senior Editor should not be held responsible for opinions expressed in the signed departments under other management. Neither should the editors of other departments be held responsible for the unsigned editorial for which the Senior Editor is alone responsible. This we deem justice, and it ought to be good journalism.

The lumber cut in the United States last year is pronounced by the department the largest known in the United States. And, notwithstanding the fact that the product of white pine has fallen off 40 per cent, white oak 36 per cent, and the yield of timber in the great lumber district of the Middle West has fallen off from 29 per cent to 54 per cent, still the high tariff on foreign timber products obtains. It is thus the nation persists in hastening the famine most to be dreaded and the hardest to remove—a timber famine. The denudation of the Turkish domain centuries ago has permanently pauperized and made a desert waste of vast areas that once were beautiful and prosperous. Let nations as well as individuals heed the grewsome maxim, the truth of which is testified to by all history, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

It is one of the many hopeful signs of the times that last Sunday a Presbyterian minister of Rochester, N. Y., gave his desk to a practicing physician, while he spoke on "The Problems of Tuberculosis." Let us hope that Dr. Ely was right when he said, "This move is one of the initial steps in a moral revolution which will bring the church as a whole to recognize the fact that the removal of this plague is a moral and ethical question instead of purely a medical one." Let no one be alarmed lest the incident or utterances in the Rochester pulpit should be a menace to the pieties and strike at the devoutness of the church. Worship and trust will be all the more surely fostered in the church when it becomes the headquarters of the humanities, a training school for reformers, the consulting-chamber of those who would face and fight the ills of life,—physical, ethical and civic. They only have a right to pray "Thy kingdom come" who are ready to work for it.

Around the World for the American Bible Society, by Dr. John Fox, corresponding secretary, is a handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated pamphlet consisting of twelve letters descriptive of a visit to the society's agencies in the Far East. It is easy to criticize, both from the academic and economic side, the methods of the Bible Society. Their fundamental theory of the Book as an absolute, infallible and only revelation of God to man is a theory to us as pernicious as it is untenable, but still there is something sublime in any world-conquering purpose, pushed by a self-denying zeal and persisted in until great results are achieved in the face of difficulties that would seem insurmountable. Here is a case where only the Michael Angelo canon of criticism should obtain—"I criticize by creation." Let those who would criticize these high campaignings go and do better from their higher standpoint and broader vision, else bow their heads in silent humiliation.

Chicago is to elect thirty-two new aldermen this spring, one-half of a body all too large. It is not to be desired or expected that each of these thirty-two aldermen should be alike equipped, that they should all be experts in finance, hustlers in the ward, or that over-estimated factor in civic life, "a plain, practical business man." The legislative body of a great city sadly needs scholars, men of academic training, as well, men who are able to bring to the council chamber in a clear and effective way the results achieved elsewhere, the conclusions of experts. In the next council of the city of Chicago the college, the church and the school should have their representatives as well as the bank, the shop and the "store." Probably

local affairs in New England were never more skillfully as well as more righteously administered than when the parson was considered a normal candidate for the "selectman" in the town administration. UNITY would like to nominate in Chicago and other cities for the spring election a percentage of preachers.

UNITY deplores the pugnacity of our President when he brandishes the "big stick" and throws his energetic personality into the fostering of the military spirit. The promotion of the "big navy" we believe to be a fallacy, a wastefulness and a reactionary tendency to be greatly deplored. But this should not blind us to the ethical vitality and the manly quality of his persistent opposition to the unscrupulous and undemocratic methods in the financial world. Rabbi Fleischer, of Boston, was right when last Sunday he coupled the utterances of the President with those of the old Hebrew prophets, for he, like Isaiah, is "a statesman haunted by the ideal." We agree with the Boston preacher that "It is high time the world of finance should realize that 'Business is business' is not a moral maxim." Business is more than that. It should mean conducting the material affairs of men justly, in such a way that all parties concerned in the business should find the joy of life enhanced and receive their due share in the results thereof. A wealth that is not accumulated, and used when accumulated, to the betterment of the world, to the advancement of truth and the uplift of society, is a reproach to the possessor and a menace to society.

We are glad to extend the protest of Mrs. Henry Solomon, president of the board of managers of the Illinois Industrial School for Girls, recently made before the Chicago Woman's Club, against the bad economy, as well as bad morals, of the charity "industries" which in Chicago this year seem to have taken a new and an especially silly form. The times are hard, money scarce, want palpable and evident, the "leisure class industries" have consequently thrived. Thousands of dollars have been spent in displaying living pictures, giving notoriety and conspicuousness to ladies and gentlemen in the "private" walks of life, in order to realize hundreds of dollars for worthy needs and pressing poverty. We have only a clipping from the daily paper to give to our readers of this address. We wish Mrs. Solomon, or some one equally competent, would write out the argument to its fitting proportion for the benefit of UNITY readers.

"I have come to the point where I am opposed to all sorts of entertainments for charity. And I say this in spite of the fact that a charity with which I am connected made $6,000 in one day at a ball game last summer. One reason why the Jewish charities of Chicago have federated is because some of us don't believe in the waste of charity entertainments.

"These charity balls and the endless round of affairs that we have here are an enormous—even a criminal—waste of effort. There is the eternal selling of tickets, the going to the same merchant time after time, until he tells you politely that you are the fifteenth today, and that he really can't buy any more.

"There is the labor, and the wasted expense of elaborate costuming and preparations. And there is the fever of anticipation that loses sight of the charity for which the entertainment is given. We must federate in our charitable work, and we must collect our funds through direct, hard work—not through entertainments."

Every thoughtful preacher in the land will sympathize with the men students of the Chicago University, who have passed up to the administration the following:

"*Resolved*, That we petition our instructors to have the young ladies wear smaller hats or else be instructed to keep them removed while in the class-room."

This protest against the present-day woman's hat is more than a pleasantry. It is a serious protest not only against a foolish extravagance in money, a painful offense to art and the pure tastes engendered by art, but a direct imposition upon the rights of others, a manifest disregard of the comfort of those who sit behind them, if not of those who have to look down upon a wild bevy of disheveled and impaled birds, flaunting plumes and raw and coarse imitations of the most delicately woven and exquisitely tinted fabrics of nature, the flowers of the field. The woman who insists upon going bareheaded out of doors whenever possible, but in obstructing the vision and blurring the beauty of her own brow, face and hair by wearing these awful, expensive "creations" indoors, needs to study the simple primal ethics of the Golden Rule and the modesties and the obscurities that belong to refinement. The city council of Chicago, and we presume of other great cities, has effectively interfered with and has established by ordinance the rights of the theater-goer, an ordinance universally respected, but the habit is still a greater interference in the schoolroom and in church, because the architecture of these latter places has not so effectively provided for the overcoming of obstructions in the view. 'Tis true, Paul decreed that women should not take off their hats in the church, but the time is coming when in the modern church and classroom the true lady will certainly take off her hat, because it is a favor to her associates and a compliment to the speaker.

The great "Demonstration!" "The One Hundred Thousand Procession!" "The Uprising of the Foreign Population!" etc., etc., promised by the newspapers for last Sunday by the anti-Sunday-closing advocates in the city of Chicago turned out to be a very orderly, mildly enthusiastic manifestation of the German turner and kindred societies, variously estimated by the newspapers at from seven to ten thousand only. It is easy to summon what seems a great multitude on the streets of a two million and more city any time. Indeed, such a demonstration might be suspected as being in process on State street in the retail dry goods district of Chi-

cago in any hour of its weekday activities. There were, of course, bands and flags and speaking, the burden of which was "liberty." We are not among those who would be disrespectful to the American eagle. We are inclined to believe that this "multitude" did represent, in the main, sincere, honest and earnest patriots, who have brought with them across the seas a commendable stock of hatred of tyranny and distrust of arbitrary power in the name of a government in the forming and directing of which they had no part. We are disposed to believe that these seven thousand more or less contained but few of the seven thousand or more saloonkeepers in Chicago, or of the double that number of barkeepers, and several times more than that of employees more or less connected with the mighty industry of making, transporting and selling beer, whiskey and the unspeakable compounds allied thereto. The notable thing concerning this demonstration was that it was not a parade of bums, jailbirds and the deplorable army of habituals with their meagerly clad wives, ill-fed children, which would constitute the real exhibit of the saloon business in Chicago. It is significant that this meeting declared "for peace and good order," while it is a notorious fact that cannot be gainsaid that the head center of violence is the saloon, that the main business of the police and police courts is in dealing with their products. They further declared in the interest of "temperance in all things and excess in none," that they were "opposed to vice and crime in every form." They further declared "in favor of strict police regulation of dramshops." Good enough! Let them carry out these resolutions, or join the forces that are working to this sane end, and the interests of the saloons and the saloon business will be ruined in Chicago. It is true, as the resolutions declared, that "prohibition never prohibits." But this is true in regard to horse-stealing, to arson, felony and murder, but still legislation concerning these menaces to public interest has a salutary influence; it is an effective check, a legitimate weapon in dealing with them. The temperate speeches, the determination to preserve the respectabilities, to moderate the vehemence and to exclude the direct product of the saloon business from this parade makes of it a most effective temperance demonstration. These "foreign-born" and largely American-bred citizens have yet to learn that freedom is not a beer product, and even the right to drink it must not be confounded with the right to debauch with it. They really stand for the "open Sunday" who stand for a Sunday unfettered with boisterous debauchery, freed so far as possible from the vulgarities, the crime and the wretchedness that gather around those places which lie in wait for the unwary sons of toil, which successfully plot for the capturing of the large portion of the hard-won earnings of the workingman, whose Saturday wage, needed, sorely needed, to supply his family with the comforts of life, is diverted into the unholy earnings of those whose business thrives on the debauchery of men. That is not an "open Sunday" that makes the Monday industry uncertain and unsatisfactory on account of the irregularities and demoralized condition of the workingmen, who return to their tasks, if at all, with emptied pocketbooks, terrible headaches, and what is known among the initiated as a "dirty brown taste in the mouth." Every such a "saloon demonstration" as that which occurred in Chicago last Sunday helps along the cause of sobriety. It is educative. Such liberty-seekers are on the way to higher freedom and the purer democracy. Much is inseparably allied with the sober life.

A Damaged Word

Theodore Parker used to talk of the "damaged phraseology" in the vocabulary of religion. Such words as "salvation," "redemption," "damnation," "atonement," he deemed as being robbed of their real power, crippled of their potency, by the false theology associated therewith and the artificial and secondary sense in which they have been used by the clergy and the church.

Such is the fate of the words "missionary" and "missions" in many minds. To many these words have become inseparably associated with a certain theological scheme of salvation which they have discarded, a certain anxiety for the success of far-away movements while home interests and near issues are languishing for want of the sympathy and the support that they deem diverted to less important and less efficient interests. Particularly are the words associated with certain anxieties about the future well-being, the *post-mortem* career of souls, while their present condition is deplorable, and the *ante-mortem,* the damnation in the flesh, is something very real and most deplorable. Admitting all this, after all qualifications and eliminations, these words still stand for the divinest impulses of the human heart, the most rational needs of society and the divinest achievements of humanity.

First, the word "missionary" carries with it under all circumstances a disinterested implication, an element of altruism, a passion for humanity, which are ever the accompaniment of the higher life. Pitiable indeed is the life centered in self, even though that self be expanded to cover its own household, the wife or husband, or the children and their children. Wealth, however honestly acquired, is a burden to the selfish. There is no "honesty" that can strip from any man's accumulation the obligations to the world, its debt to posterity. While, on the other hand, no life is so meager and no career so hard but what it is filled with enthusiasm and illuminated with joy so long as it is fired by a high cause. The "new world," so called, was discovered not in the interest of greed, but in the interest of the Christ. The great waterways of America were traced to their sources, mountain passages discovered, desert wastes traversed, first by the missionaries of religion, the sacred brotherhood to whom Christianity was a message of which they were in a very real

sense the divine messengers. Many years ago Max Mueller divided the religions of the world into two classes, the missionary and the non-missionary, and showed with convincing arguments the superior potency, the world-conquering quality of the missionary religion. *"Go ye into the world and preach the gospel"* is the mandate of the true scientist, the great artist, yes, the really successful business man, as well as of the preacher. The church that lives for itself alone is already dead or dying. The "independence" sought by the individual or by the religious societies that releases from outside claims, excuses from missionary obligations and missionary undertakings, is not independency, but isolation, and isolation in the long run means extinction in all the realms of life.

There is a second content in the words "missionary" and "mission" of vast importance, which men and movements, family and church, ignore at their peril. It is a recognition of the superiority of imponderable commodities, an acknowledgment of the superb wealth of ideas, that the most permanent and satisfying wealth is that found in words aptly loaded with truth. Technical education, manual training, has the floor nowadays among pedagogues. Let them work these words to a finish. They do represent great values, and still, after all the facts are admitted and the arguments conceded, they leave a depth of spiritual realities untouched. They are superficial, incidental helps, not fundamental potencies. Not aptitudes, but inspirations, make for character; not dexterity, but convictions; not hand skill, but hearts' loves; not ability to make a table, but readiness to die for a principle, should be the quest of the school, as it is confessedly the mission of the church.

It may be that under certain circumstances, if the mature life has successfully appropriated its experiences, organized its life into wise habits, wealth, affluence, "plenty to do with," may help the soul along, add to its peace and power; but luxury and the confusion of *things* are absolutely debilitating to the child. It is weakened, maddened and wearied by the confusion of *things* it has not learned to use, the cruel distractions of the miscalled "blessings" that are thrown at its head by the cruel hands of inconsiderate parents. There is a degree of quiet, an element of simplicity, obscurity, necessary to the successful germination alike of child and of acorn.

That is a wise suggestion that the mail brought to our sanctum last week from "the little home among the hills of Nebraska," which we have printed at the head of our editorial page. Those were wise parents who could say, "If we can leave UNITY to encourage and comfort our children we feel that they can face the future fearlessly." We know something of the privations and sorrows that have visited that home through the long years of such confidences as may exist between editor and reader. That father and mother know what they were talking about. Life has tested them, and it is not for them to discount the value of ideas or to dismiss the claim of such ideas on account of the more pressing "things," the clamorous "claims," the many "things needed," and the "things to be done," which afford such ready and adequate excuses to many more "favored" parents.

We will not here press the application of this sermon suggested by the text printed on our editorial page, but it has an application as to the mission of UNITY and the missionary claim it represents. We have a thousand readers who live in homes more sumptuous than the farmhouse in western Nebraska, whose inmates have "luxuries" that these pioneers know not of, whose children have "privileges" (?) that these children of the prairies have not. These thousand readers in the more favored homes may count the "thirty dollars" as too big a sum to withdraw from the "needs" of their children. The father and mother on the Nebraska farm deem UNITY an asset in the lives of their children which they cannot afford to put in jeopardy. They believe that "If we can leave UNITY to encourage and comfort our children we feel that they can face the future fearlessly." Which class of parents are the wiser? Which are the kinder to their children?

We will not beg the question. If it is not UNITY, then it is some other advocate of faith and prophecy, some other witness to the dominance of spirit and the joy of service, a protection and courage that come from the within, that children need. Alas for the man, woman or church that has no sense of a "mission" and denies the "missionary" claim in his life!

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear UNITY:

I see in your Watch Tower that "Chief Austin, of the bureau of statistics at Washington, gives in a single sentence a record that knows no parallel in the world's history: 'The exports of this nation last year amounted to two billion dollars, the imports one and one-half billion dollars.'"

In view of the fact that we have sent away several hundred millions more gold and silver than we have imported in the last hundred years, is it not very alarming to find that our exports for a single year now exceed the imports by half a billion dollars.

That way of doing business would certainly bring a merchant to bankruptcy, and I do not quite see why you exultantly call it a record. How is this?

Yours cordially, BOLTON HALL.

New York, Feb. 4, 1908.

Our correspondent raises an entirely different question from the one we had in mind. May we not rejoice that the rest of the world buys (and pays us for) some five hundred million dollars' worth of our products over and above the total we buy of them? The merchant whose income exceeds his outgo by a few millions need hardly go into receivership.

C. A. O.

"Keep your eyes open to your mercies. That part of piety is eternal; and the man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life."—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE PULPIT

The Sowers of Edelweiss

A SERMON BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, ON SUNDAY, NOV. 10, CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ALL SOULS CHURCH.

I bring my two texts in my hand,—a flower and a picture.

The flower is the flower of Switzerland, characteristic of Switzerland, possibly its national flower. Few tourists see it growing, though many bring it home. One must climb to find it. It is the child of the upper silence and solitude. Its home is where the glaciers creep. There in the purity of the upper snow-fields it blossoms. Lovers climb thither to pluck it to bring to their maidens. Its name? The botanists call it "Gnaphalium Leontopodium Alpinum"; but its heart-name is *Edelweiss,* which means "noble whiteness." Such a name suggests poems, and this gray-white flower has made many a poem. Here is one, written by Dora Greenwell, so simple and short I will read it:

"I was born in my little shroud,
All woolly, warm and white;
I live in the mist and the cloud,
I live for my own delight.

"I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red,
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valleys bright.

"I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand,
I live but for God, and I die
Unto him, and at his command."

If you or I were to write the poem, what would we have the Edelweiss typify? Purity, sturdiness, tenderness, I think. Purity; it homes only in whiteness. Sturdiness; it is a lover of the rock and the glacier, a braver of circumstances, a blossomer upon difficulties,—not merely an endurer of difficulties, but a blossomer out of them. And yet what tenderness in its hardihood,—feel of it; these little petals are soft as a baby's cheek!

The picture is Millet's "Sower." You know it well. Millet, he of the "Angelus," he of the "Man with the Hoe," was the peasant painter of France. Most of his subjects deal with the pathos and poetry of the farm-toiler's life. Little regarded and poorly rewarded as long as he lived, his pictures now might serve for a prince's ransom. This "Sower" is one of his simplest, and therefore one of his noblest, pictures. A single figure is seen against a brown hillside. The sun is rising over the edge of the hill, and up there in the morning light a man with oxen is plowing, but distant enough to leave the Sower in solitude. As we watch him, we feel the eager stride of the man, the swing of his arm, the strength and the rush of his deed. "The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose," but this is simplicity and action, and there is more than beauty in the picture,—there is power and majesty in it. All Jesus' parable lies in the picture,—"A sower went forth to sow." There he goes,—there he is in the act. Jesus had seen him before Millet, and each artist drew a picture after his kind.

But his deed in itself is part of the Sower's fascination. It is a deed of forward and far-reaching beneficence. Sowing is an act so important that its advent in history marked a stage in civilization. First came the hunter, then came the shepherd, then came the planter—the sower of seed. He began the third great era in the life of the man-child. Last of all came the townsman, and we are still living in his, the fourth era of human history. Sowing is really a sacrament; it is an act of fellowship in creation with the Creator. The sower takes his seed from the hand of God, imitates him in its distribution, and works with him to bring forth the fruit. No wonder that Millet's picture, then, is found in the churches. In the church consecrated to Channing's memory in Newport, his birthplace, you will find it glowing in heaven's own light on the window-panes,—fit emblem of a prophet, of one who sows seeds of the soul's life.

"Go, speed the stars of thought
On to their shining goals:
The sower scatters broad his seed,—
The wheat thou strew'st be souls."

So much for my two texts,—"Edelweiss," flower of noble purity, and the picture of the "Sower." Now to make the two one. Some years ago I found this item in a newspaper, and have kept it sacredly from that day to this:

"The edelweiss seed which was largely sown in the mountains of Prussia last summer has come up remarkably well. This charming Alpine flower has taken root, and will apparently become a permanent attraction among the Silesian flora."

The Sowing of Edelweiss! There you have my whole sermon; you might preach the rest to yourselves. Let us try together to make a new parable out of it.

In Jesus' parable, Sower and Seed are taken for granted, you know, and attention is drawn to the ground on which the the seed falls: its variety—rock, or wayside, or thorn-bush, or good soil—determines the fate and amount of the harvest. That parable never loses its truth. But today let us think of the Sower and Seed, and of *their* variety, and how the fate of the harvest depends upon them. This side of the parable, untold in the Testament, fits today well; for we live in a time when men realize as never before that sacrament fact that they are fellow-workers with God; that our hearts, our wills, our hands, are the agents he uses to accomplish his purpose on earth; that the fate of his harvests in the fields of humanity, their amount, their value, their beauty, their distribution of blessing, all depend upon *us.*

So, reminding ourselves once more of those things in our life of which Edelweiss is the symbol,—purity, sturdiness, tenderness,—let us ask, Where does this human Edelweiss spring? The flower tells us where; on the heights, in the silence and solitudes of the soul. "The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold," says Emerson; in the upper light and the cold, we read in the Edelweiss gospel. How do we reach the human Edelweiss? The flower tells us: Only by climbing. What is the seed of the human Edelweiss? Purity, sturdiness, tenderness, cover so much of character, that, to sum all up in one word, we may well call the seed, our *Ideals,*—our ideals of the True, the Beautiful and the Good. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report, whatever virtue there is, whatever worthy of praise," the ideals of these things are the human Edelweiss seed. And now for the question important: *Who are the Sowers of Edelweiss?* That question leads homeward. No longer the mountains of Switzerland or Prussia,—we think of Illinois and Chicago, of New York and Rochester, of dear cities and towns where we are living ourselves. And our question is,

Who are the Sowers of Edelweiss seed? Are *we?*

Are we? In two ways we all are, I trust. The most beautiful, and also the most terrifying, fact about sowing in the fields of humanity is that so large a part of our sowing, without knowing, is done as unconsciously as that which is done by the winds and the birds and the bees in the fields of plant life. The winds and the birds and the bees are mere Carriers of seed; they sow, but they mean not to sow; they sow, but they know not they sow; they sow because they cannot help sowing, but the sowing is nothing to them. They are not agents, but instruments of Nature. Yet by them, mere mechanical carriers of her seed, she makes her wide earth green with Spring, and the pastures of the wilderness glad. So is it in the fields of humanity: Nature uses us like her winds and her birds and her bees as unwitting Carriers both of good seed and of tares. The unconscious good that we do is probably the larger part of all the good most of us do; our unconscious evil, the larger part of all the evil we do. While engaged in our common work, while speaking our commonest words, we shed "personality," and know nothing of it,—and *that* is the major part of our influence, of our "example," of the seed that we sow. Thank God that much of it is truly Edelweiss seed.

And beside the good we sow in this unconscious way, we sow not a little consciously, but without any particular intention or plan, through our ordinary honor, our everyday courage, our usual courtesy, our general good-will and graciousness; but we sow this or not according to gusts of opportunity, and too often according to mood. It is chance sowing,—here a little, there a little, or here a great handful dashed down, and there none at all, though the ground be bare and the need of the good seed be great. Broadcasting of this kind makes many of us likable, and some of us lovable. And as the number who do good in the chance way is legion, the broadcast, unplanned sowing has much to do with making the parks, the back-yards, the lawns, and even the pavement chinks, of society green. It is comfort and cheer to remember the fact that it is *you* who are going to make this day a little more beautiful by some unrehearsed word of nobility, some off-hand act of bravery or kindness. There is not a poor, sinning man or woman or boy or girl in this city of ours who will not do some courteous act gladly today,—that is, who will not sow, and only half know it, some lovely flower of the spirit,—not one in the big city. Then the city Sunday owes something of Sabbath to every soul in it. And the sum of such beauty in a day is immense. If most of us feel, as most of us do, that "it is beautiful to be alive," no small part of the beauty is due to this.

And yet—and yet if this be *all* the Edelweiss sowing that you and I do,—the unconscious kind, and the unplanned kind,—if we are contented with this, we possess little virtue, and deserve, and we get, little honor for virtue. We are still hardly more than Carriers of seed. *There is no counting on us as Sowers.*

But surely that is what all men and all women should be,—not only Carriers, but purposing, planning, habitual *Sowers* of Edelweiss. True men, true women we scarce can be otherwise.

So there is a second and better class of Edelweiss Sowers. Let us call them the *Gardeners.* These gardeners are thoughtful, self-denying, habitual sowers; but they sow their Edelweiss only in *plots.* Oftenest their garden is the Home-plot; and there ought to be such a garden, with Edelweiss-beds in it, for every five persons on earth. What beautiful work is done in these plots! What careful gardeners the father and the mother are, sowing and tending the Edelweiss-beds in their children! No such painstaking culture anywhere else. Nowhere such exquisite products. But all in a walled garden.

Sometimes the garden is a School-plot. Forty children have come from all sorts of homes,—and the teacher, the trustee, receives them for what purpose? To sow seeds of geography, grammar, arithmetic in them, but, if the trustee recognizes the nature of the trust, *mainly* to sow Edelweiss seed. For five hours each day the mothers and fathers are trusting their children to the teacher for that. Each day five hours of opportunity for that! The children themselves half-consciously looking to her for that! And many a teacher sees the opportunity aright as a heavenly commission, consecrates herself with a prayer to it, plucks the Edelweiss grown on the heights of her own personality, and endeavors to transplant and drill it into the souls of those children. So many are doing this now that a large part of the progress made in each new generation is due to low-salaried teachers in the schools of the people. But the school, at its best, is a walled garden.

Sometimes the garden is a Business-plot. Can we measure the amount of good that a business man who habitually lessens his profits in order to purify them, in order to make them in honest ways, in unselfish ways, in ways that we call generosity, but which are only the ways of the coming justice? A business man who steadily prefers his ideals to the possible million? That man is thereby sowing Edelweiss in the market, the bank, the Chamber of Commerce, and on the exchange. Or it is a lawyer, who pleads in the courts to establish only such right as he himself believes is the right; who strives ever for peace and good-will between quarrelling men, and dedicates his skill to that "making" to which Jesus assigned the Beatitude. Or it is an artisan, by the infusion of conscience and care making art of his handwork, a standard out of his job. Or a stenographer girl, throwing her soul into the clicking machine,—or an office boy, or errand boy, ennobling himself and his comrades by doing his errand as well as an errand can be done. Praise to them all, true Edelweiss Sowers! But all in the walled garden of a special occupation.

Others, akin to these, make a religion of *wayside* sowing. Road-missionaries of the True, the Beautiful, the Good,—they planfully sow their ideals wherever they happen to go. We all have heard of that "worthy Quaker" who said, "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." Bless the unknown Quaker, the saint of the wayside! His little "If, therefore," escaping, has planted not only his, but ten thousand waysides with Edelweiss beauty. But road-sides are only narrow strips, at best, of the great world-field.

Am I decrying such Gardeners, these plots and wayside sowers, a little? Let me do justice again. The wide fields of humanity owe a large part of their beauty to the painstaking tenders of little pieces of ground. The most beautiful things of earth are produced under gardening hands. And we should each and all have our own sacred plots,—home-plot, and work-plot, and wayside strips. Yet, when all is said, if confined to our plots, we are only the tillers of gardens and conservatories. What of the world outside? What of the pastures and wildernesses waiting

beyond the walls for Edelweiss seed? Our gardens are little oases of beauty; but what of the deserts around them?

So a third class of Edelweiss Sowers is needed, and a third class exists. I cannot think of a graceful name like "gardener" for this class. A clumsy name is *planter-at-large;* an ugly name, *agriculturist.* What we want is a name suggestive of something difficult, widely beneficent, and scientific, all three.

This planter-at-large is the man who sows like the gardener, consciously, planfully, earnestly, but with this difference,—no garden-wall limits him. He feels the needs of the wilderness, and yearns to sow *there* the Edelweiss that grows on the heights; and, oh, so achingly, feels the shortness of time allowed him to transplant and root it. They think in their hearts with Whittier, these men, "It is a great thing to identify one's self when young with some unpopular cause." They say to themselves with Horace Mann,—his very last words in public to the boys and girls of Antioch College,—"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity!" They say to each other with Clifford, "Let us join hands and work, for today we are alive together!"

And saying such words to themselves and each other, they try to put science into their sowing. So far as they can they are fain to make agricultural colleges and forestry bureaus of themselves. They study the soils of humanity: here a Chicago soil—here a small city soil, so different from that of Chicago—here a village soil, so different, again, from that of the small city. They study methods of moral and spiritual irrigation, of bringing the water of life to the thirsty places, the sandy deserts of humanity. They imitate Burbank and men like him in their work; men who at last evolve the "pedigreed" corn-ear that sells for two hundred dollars because every kernel of it hives quintessence of corn-excellence. That is the kind of Edelweiss seed they desire. And they believe in the planting of the best seed, by the best methods, in the worst places. This third class of Edelweiss sowers believes that with scientific farming, and with lives consecrated to such farming, no place on earth need remain barren, no sand-hill but may be taught to blossom, no desert but may be turned into rose-gardens, like those desert-gardens the prophet Isaiah saw in his vision. There is no such thing to be found today as what, on the maps of fifty years ago, used to be called "the Great American Desert." So there is no such thing to be found today as a permanent Sahara of humanity: what seems so, these workers feel they can change into fields of perhaps peculiar fertility, if only they are wise and devoted enough to plant right seed by the right method in it.

> " 'Tis not in the high stars alone,
> Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
> Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
> Nor in the bow that smiles in showers;
> But in the mud and scum of things
> There alway, alway something sings."

That faith of Emerson's is ever singing itself in the hearts of these men and women. And in the faith of that song they are the organizers of the world's springing life, of the *new* life, the progress of man. They plant the rose of the future on the fields of the present. Their mission it is to make the ideal real, to lead the bad up to good, the good to the better, the better to best. They are the prophets, interpreters and enactors of the great law of social progress, that yesterday's mercy must becomes today's justice and legislation, and today's justice and legislation must become tomorrow's public opinion, accepted custom, and organized instinct, so that the very babes shall be born with it in their blood. Praise to the others, but highest praise for *these* Sowers of Edelweiss seed!

How do they sow it? Often by the simple power of a voice. Nothing so vital as words that embody ideals. Words right, words clear, words brave—the world lives and moves and has its morrows in them. Literal spirit themselves, mere vibrations of breath, words carry the seeds that catch in the hearts of men, rooting and quickening there, until they break into prayers, and the prayers blossom to deeds, and the deeds grow into heroism,—all traceable back to the word which some Edelweiss Sower planted in the heart of a youth.

What was Luther? A Voice. Call the long roll of religious reformers,—often but Voices, and echoes of Voices, sowers of breath! Wendell Phillips,—what did he do? He spoke, and years after his lips are silent in death cities like Chicago preserve that Voice of his in memorial school-houses, that it may go on teaching generations of children. We have in Rochester the one statue as yet erected, I think, to a man of the swarthy hue. On the pedestal of Frederic Douglass' monument are his words, "One with God is a majority." The masterful white world of the fifties heard it, and laughed. Did the word come true in 1865? It looked so. Has it come all true in 1907? Far from it still; but there the word stands in its present tense,—"*is* a majority,"—truth-pledged in God's time of fulfilment over the length and breadth of the land. An Edelweiss word.

Often in these latter days the seed-word is sown in the form of a book. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Black Beauty," "Looking Backward," "Progress and Poverty," perhaps the "Jungle Book," come into the category.

But most of the good done by this third class of Edelweiss Sowers is done by the "institutions" they organize, or the "movements" that follow in the wake of their words. Their "cause" gives them no peace until they draw comrades into "associations," who take hands and say, "We will do this thing, and do it together, until what is now within us, an invisible dream, shall stand on the earth a visible creation to live on after we leave it." So it becomes an "institution": a public library, a model school, a mechanics' institute, a people's palace, a hospital, a refuge for street-waifs, a university-extension centre, a social settlement. Or, still better, it becomes a social "movement," generating swarms of institutions over the land. Not our science, not our inventions, not our utilization of Nature, but the number, the variety, of such organizations for service is the real glory of today. President Thomas of Bryn Mawr has recently said, "The greatest need of America today is not scholars in the old sense, not even research workers of the old type, so much as it is leaders in all departments that pertain to the problems of human welfare." And the leaders are rising to view. It is joy to believe on the guarantee of history that this age in which we are living holds more of these conscious, planning, scientific Edelweiss Sowers than any age that has gone before. Every day is a Christmas day now. Such energy in wilderness-sowing never was seen. Jesus said of his day, "The fields are white, the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers few." We can say, "The laborers are gathering fast, but they come as a band of sowers rather than reapers; for the harvests of

today are nothing to the harvests that shall be." And do you know where we must go to find the *most* good that is being sown on the earth in our day? To cities like New York and Chicago, where the most Hell is. Where the most Hell is, there the most Heaven is trying to break up through the crust.

So by voice, by book, by institution, by widespreading movements, these Sowers of Edelweiss go forth in their various ways to the sowing. But all in one spirit, without which each and all of these ways are apt to be ineffective and futile,—the spirit of self-forgetting and self-effacement. *Why* ineffective without this spirit? Because it is comparatively easy, after all, to sow seeds of the good,—there is exhilaration and inspiration in that; but it is hard to go on *tending* the good in its growth until it is firmly established on earth; it is hard to work on and work on through delay and through crisis, while the others give up and depart. That is the real test of the Sower,—not the song on the lips, not the swing of the sowing hand, but the head bent over, the back aching with hoe-work through long, hot seasons of tilling. Only the self-forgotten can stand the test. If *you* would belong to this third class of the blessed, live self-forgotten!

Sowers, then, must be tillers, too; and will they be reapers, as well? What of the harvest? Do they always see it? Oh, no! And they learn to do without seeing. They learn to demand less and less of a visible harvest. They learn that they are not responsible for the harvest; that the harvest does not, after all, depend entirely upon them, and somehow they cease to depend upon it. Reaping is not their part. They are to sow, they are to tend. Let the sowing be of the Edelweiss seed, let the tending go faithfully on through the days, and the reapers will come in good time, and the harvest be sure. The pathos of the Sower! and the pathos turned into joy when he learns that it makes no matter whether he see his harvest or not! If some see it, they may humbly thank God for the sight. Yet if the whole of their harvest is ever seen by their eyes, it is a pretty small harvest. The best of it still should be the unseen reach of the crop, and the barns not built to hold the outcome of their work. Have you ever laid it to heart that the greatest harvest ever produced from Edelweiss seed was sown by one who died in the act after he had been one little year, or possibly two, at his task? Who died in shame; died by the hands of rejection and violence; died with his chosen friends standing aloof? He is the one to whom the most plentiful Edelweiss harvest of earth belongs as his own.

Friends, a Church, a true Church, is simply an organization for the sowing of Edelweiss seed among men. That is all that it is. If a Church do such sowing only in parish-bounds, that Church is of service; but its service is small, it is only that of the Garden. If, instead of sowing merely for a parish crop, it seeks the wilderness lying around, and sows its Edelweiss far and near throughout it, that is better, that is best. And because your Church, under your Leader, has been one of this larger vision and larger intent and larger endeavor, you are yourselves glad today, and the city is blessing you, and the angels in heaven rejoicing.

The words with which I close are Frederick Hosmer's:

"This Edelweiss I wear was not first mine;
I had it cheaply in the little town
Of one who from the mountains had come down;
A meek-eyed man, rough-clad, with many a sign
Of burning sun and of the tempest's frown.
Now through the valley, with its corn and wine,
His star-blooms badge the thronging tourists fine,
Whose feet his toilsome path have never known.

O prophet souls, who with bruised feet have trod
The heaven-lit heights, and thence to us have brought
Your wider vision, your high-hearted faith,
Your hope for Man, your larger thought of God—
We wear your Edelweiss; Life's common lot
Ever to your high service witnesseth!"

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

There came in the other day a book, rather late for reviewing, but, after a slight examination, I found it much more than worthy of a place in UNITY. It is "Sex Equality," by Dr. Emmet Densmore, and published by Funk & Wagnalls Company. It is a remarkable book, and I have passed it over to my wife with a request that it be made a family study. It is based on a passage from Darwin: "In order that woman should reach the same standard as man, she ought, when nearly adult, to be trained to energy and perseverance, and to have her reason and imagination exercised to the highest point; and then she would probably transmit these qualities to her adult daughters." The Doctor's discussion is vital from beginning to end. He does not overlook the drift of Nature, to create the complete human being—the masculine feminine, the man woman, the Jesus, the gentle strong; the powerful in weakness—the Darwin, the Emerson, the Abraham Lincoln, the Thomas Jefferson, the Longfellow, the Wendell Phillips—all of these fine illustrations of the lines,

"O, enviable fate, to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like Thee,
With lyre and sword, with song and steel;
A hand to strike, a heart to feel."

The sermon on the mount; the Declaration of Independence; all of Lincoln's messages show us the lion and the lamb lying down together. The ordinary social woman, in an environment of silk stitching and ribbons, and of swapped visits, becomes mainly a waste product of society—unable to think strongly, to endure largely, or to bear brave men. This question of sex is one of our vital topics. Go to the church, and the subject is smothered under a rat tat about other worlds and angels; go to the school, and ignorance on this question devitalizes both teachers and pupils. Physicians know more than they dare to say, and the only hope is that a few will stumble upon the truth, and so save the race. Plato tells us that "in the administration of the State, neither a man as a man, nor a woman as a woman, has any special function; but the gifts of Nature are equally diffused in both sexes, and all the pursuits of man are the pursuits of women also." We shall find this out, by and by, and be able to construct the ideal State, the ideal school, the ideal social life, as we create the ideal family by a finely toned fellowship of man and woman—creating the only possible unity in Nature. E. C. POWELL.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade and blossom trees,
An' let the soul, once froze and hard,
Sprout crocuses of new idees.
Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed,
An' clean yer barn in e'ry part;
But brush the cobwebs from yer head,
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.
—*Sam Walter Foss.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Affairs in Portugal.

The young king, Manuel II., and his queen mother are traveling a dangerous pathway. One event has followed another in quick succession, the first result being the practical expatriation of the former premier and dictator Franco, and the formation of a new cabinet, with Admiral Ferreira Do Amaral as premier; but this cabinet was not able to maintain itself and many changes were found necessary, though at present writing the Premier is still in the saddle. Recent reports from the opponents of the monarchy would indicate that its overthrow is only a question of time and the formation of a republic is assured. At present, however, these reports are not credited in many quarters. The action of the former Premier in overthrowing the Parliament and making himself dictator undoubtedly brought a republic near, but the assassination of King Carlos and the Prince turned the tide of public opinion and perhaps saved the monarchy. Apparently all depends on the wisdom and strength of the advisors of the young king.

Demand for Tariff Reform.

In spite of the "stand pat" policy of the Republican party, particularly Speaker Cannon and his confreres, the demand for some immediate action on the tariff iniquities is increasing in strength and fervor. Last week the great commercial interests of the country, including representatives from all sections, carried their plea to the doors of the House of Representatives. One specific demand was for the passage of the Beveridge Tariff Commission bill, which is expected to take the whole matter out of politics and make it a mere commercial issue. Keen politicians are pointing out that the only important issue left to the Democratic party, as over against the crusade of the Roosevelt administration, is the one of tariff reform. The renewed appeal of Secretary Taft in behalf of the Philippines and the hearty sympathy of President Roosevelt with the plea of the business men, are two elements in the justice of the demand that the "stand patters" shall be compelled to quit playing politics and recognize the rights of the people.

Future of the Gambling Mania.

Those who have long recognized the abominations of the bucket shop and the gambling of "high finance" find much comfort and not a little reason for optimism in the recent attacks made on the gambling system which obtains in Wall Street and the money centers of the world. Long ago the Louisiana lottery was branded as disreputable and driven from our country. Everywhere the crap games and small gambling hells have been unsparingly condemned, ofttimes absolutely prohibited by law. Recently Governor Hughes and President Roosevelt have courageously and plainly called the operations of the Board of Trade by their proper names. Governor Hughes asserts that the desire to get something for nothing is a curse. President Roosevelt demands that we "strive to bring nearer the day when greed and trickery and cunning shall be trampled under foot by those who fight for the righteousness that exalteth a nation." No one thinks of doubting for a moment that the operations on the Board of Trade, by which thousands and even millions of dollars' worth of merchandise which do not exist at all are bought and sold at great profit or with great loss, is nothing more nor less than an immense wager on the future conditions of the weather and the amounts of the crops, without even the beauty and inspiration of a race of thoroughbred horses to extenuate the gambling methods. But these very facts thus publicly condemned are the sure prophecy of an ethical revolution.

The Chicago Saloon Fight.

It was a matter of deep disappointment to the anti-saloon forces that the required 85,000 names on a petition to have the saloon question submitted to popular vote at the coming election were not secured in time to file with the election board. The petition fell about 5,000 short of the required number. On the other hand, the United Societies presented a monster petition, asking that the question of Sunday closing be submitted to a referendum. The election commissioners will be appealed to and perhaps enjoined by the Prohibitionists against putting this matter on a "little ballot," on the ground that a law being on the statute book must be enforced, and a referendum on the question as to whether it shall be enforced or not is illegal. It seems manifest that the activities of the saloon interests in defying an established law and in effect demanding that the saloon be permitted to defy all law and justice on Sunday, as well as other days, will result in such an uprising of public sentiment as will ultimately prove fatal to the saloons themselves. Some saloonkeepers, and especially the abler brewers, recognize that it would be the part of wisdom to bow to public opinion and keep within reasonable limits, lest the saloon be closed not one day but seven.

The Future of the Duma.

It is coming to be recognized that the third Russian Duma is only likely to maintain a longer existence than its predecessors because of its weakness and instability. One indication of the character of the Duma is afforded by the peculiar "boycott" which the majority has placed on Professor Milyoukov, who recently came to this country to deliver in New York and in the City Club of Chicago a strong and logical presentation of the conditions and needs in Russia. This man is undoubtedly the ablest leader in the Duma, but whenever he now rises to speak the "Octoberists" and "Rightists" joining together rise and leave the room. In this way they are able to escape the message and inspiration of Professor Milyoukov, but they are contributing nothing to the future—unless it be to their own extinction.

Another Blow to Union Labor.

Last week, for the third time within a month, the Supreme Court of the United States handed down an opinion adverse to the plea of organized labor. The first was the decision against the employers' liability law, though in this case the judges practically agreed on the desirability of the end sought; the second was the adverse decision on the Urdman Arbitration Act, which forbade the discharge of employes because they were members of a union; the last decision is that under the Sherman Anti-trust law unions canot be permitted by boycott to interfere with the free course of interstate commerce; in effect the boycott was declared illegal.

Illinois State Charities.

Recent revelations of unwholesome and unrighteous conditions in the state insane asylums and other charitable institutions has not only called attention to many intolerable facts, but has also made manifest the need of a new method of governing these institutions. The Board of Charities is a high-minded and capable body, but it is absolutely no power to enforce its judgments since it is only advisory to the executive, and the governor must take action or no reform is possible. In spite of manifest need Governor Deneen has thus far failed in this high trust, and it is greatly to be desired that one result of the legislative investigation will be the passage of a new bill which will empower the Board of Public Charities to execute its own decisions and enable the people to hold it responsible for the proper administration of the charitable institutions of the state.

The Panama Canal.

Mr. John Bigelow, former minister to France, has issued a pamphlet on the Panama Canal, in which he charges that President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft have seriously botched the enterprise and that its further conduct should be taken out of their hands. He thinks the canal may cost $500,000,000. The recent recommendation of Secretary Taft that the size of the locks be somewhat increased, in order to ensure the safe passage of the largest warships which may be built, will undoubtedly add to the cost of the canal, but there seems very little weight of evidence to justify the charges made by Mr. Bigelow. The great majority of those competent to judge speak in high terms of the work now being done on the Isthmus, both as regards its methods and its speed.

C. A. O.

The House of Pain

Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair—
The bravest who an entrance gain
Reluctant linger there—
For pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the sight,
And sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow—
Like Christmas roses, which attain
Perfection 'mid the snow—
Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows melt,
And often, where the hush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain!—What lessons there are bought!—
Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere taught—
Amid its loneliness and gloom, grave meanings grow more clear,
For to no earthly dwelling place seems God so strangely near!

—*Florence Earle Coates, in Lippincott's.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Union of Christendom

The recent utterance of the gifted pastor of the First Congregational Church in New Haven, Conn., Dr. Newman Smyth, concerning the ultimate union or federation of all sects in a "new Catholicism" has awakened a great amount of interesting controversy. There are many of the more open-minded Protestant leaders who virtually agree with Dr. Smyth in recognizing a movement in Christendom, not so much toward a unification of faith or creed as toward a practical coalition of all religious forces in a united army that will present a solid front to the forces of evil, of unrighteousness, inhumanity and degradation. Just what Dr. Smyth means by a "new Catholicism" is perhaps not clear, but it seems manifest to us that his position and prophecy are quite misunderstood by his critics. Surely it is patent to every student of Christendom that the forces regnant in the churches today are making for a common goal; the streams of human betterment in religious life are flowing so nearly in parallel lines as to promise an ultimate merger in one real and true "river of life." While it seems evident that there always must be sectarian and creedal distinctions, it is not so manifest that a "new Catholicism" is not coming. The following clipping from the *Literary Digest* will be of interest to our readers.

C. A. O.

Reception of Dr. Smyth's Prophecy

Dr. Newman Smyth seems to enjoy a practical monopoly of his vision of the end of Protestantism and the merger of all sects in a "new Catholicism," to judge from the comment of the religious press. Most of the religious editors have thus far paid no attention to his prophecy (quoted in these columns last week), and the rest fail to see eye to eye with the New Haven divine. *The Churchman* (New York, Protestant Episcopal) comes nearest to an indorsement of Dr. Smyth's ideas in calling the signs of progress he discerns "manifestations of a deep and widespread influence at work throughout Christendom;" that is "compelling Christians everywhere to look to a common Christianity for 'our common salvation,'" *The Examiner* (Baptist, New York) sees changes in both Protestantism and Catholicism, but no approach toward each other. It says:

"Everybody knows that changes of thought and spirit and modes of expression are taking place in the Catholic Church as well as in the Protestant churches. Protestantism is not, however, tending toward Rome, nor do we believe that the Roman Church is tending toward Protestantism. There are, however, many indications of a broadening and deepening of the life of both, which we believe will bring the great body of the membership of both into closer fellowship. These changes are largely in the way of things that are incidental, and this is probably something of what Dr. Smyth means. Protestantism will be Protestantism, and Catholicism will be Catholicism, we believe, for generations to come."

Among the Catholic papers *The Catholic Standard and Times* (Philadelphia) thinks that if Dr. Smyth meant anything like a union of Christendom, his hope looks toward a "junction of the unconjoinable." It speaks of his sermon as "a lengthened dirge, a solemn requiem, above the bier of fruitless and baffled revolt," and goes on satirically:

"New Haven is the locality where the latest idea in religion has made its bow. The name of the place is quite appropriate. The battered ship of Protestantism, with a mutinous crew on board, roams the sea like the "Flying Dutchman," desperation at the prow and feebleness at the helm. It seeks a new haven, since all the old ones are unavailable for reasons of quarantine. The Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth sees, in a grand apocalypse, a new haven—a wonderful stretch of water whose enchanted waves shall make wornout Protestantism and newborn Catholicism coalesce and make a grand soothing emollient for the frames of the fever-smitten crew.

"Good Dr. Newman Smyth sees plainly that it is all over with Protestantism. It has done nothing for the past hundred years or more, he admits, but break up creeds. The house it thought it was building up, in reality it has been demolishing. The demolition is done; what next? Lutheranism is gone; Calvinism is gone. What says the new Rubaiyat?

"To mingle oil and water, in this age of scientific marvel, ought not to be beyond the power of the scientist. A wizard like Edison might accomplish such a feat, but Dr. Smyth looks for some one who can do more. He sighs for the advent of a prophet who can make truth walk hand in hand with error, or rather amalgamate and say, 'This is the grand finale, the perfection of the scheme of salvation!' A beautiful dream, surely!"

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund.

(*Continued from last week.*)

Mrs. Dennis Murphy, Jeffersonville, Ind.
W. R. Word, Greeley, Neb.
Mrs. Clarice H. Jackman, Janesville, Wis.

From Blue Rapids, Kan.: Fulfilling by promise of a month or so ago I enclose draft for $—— for Unity's endowment fund.

From a Noted Chicago Subscriber: I am sorry I am brought so little in connection with you, and so seldom, say, for how very much, in many directions, I have to thank you. I am sure that knowing you has enlarged my outlook and I always think of your enthusiasm with an excess for my use. I do wish I could give a great deal to Unity, much more than I can, for every year demands increases, and the ability to respond sometimes does the very opposite. Please enter my subscription for $—— toward Unity. I wish it could be very much more.

From a Chicago Reader: Please pardon my delay in not answering yours of December 4th ere this. I should indeed regret the discontinuance of Unity, for it means much to me. I will gladly contribute a meager $—— toward the endowment, with the wish it might be many times that amount.

From Janesville, Wis.: I want to say to you that if the endowment fund for Unity is assured by the first of March you may call upon me for $30 and it will be forwarded at once. I hope you are meeting with success in your efforts to place it in an independent position. Various things have conspired to cause my reply to your appeal to be very late. I hope, however, it will be none the less welcome.

From a Chicago Schoolmistress: The envelope speaks for itself. Will you also put me down as one of those who will give $30 for the Unity fund for which an appeal was recently made?

From the Pastor of a Congregational Church in Illinois: Your note of December 4, 1907, regarding a Unity endowment fund was received. My delay in replying is for no lack of interest in Unity, and least of all for any want of sympathy with the editor, heavy weighted by this load of care and cost. I think the more one considers the matter the more the conviction grows that our Middle West needs an enlightened, untrammeled, brave, Christian weekly, Christian, I mean, in the broad human sense which can minister in fellowship with all religious and moral souls. It would be a distinct loss to the forces of civic righteousness and public education to have Unity cease its work. Some other organ would have to be built up to take its place. The means must be found to subsidize the paper sufficiently. I am a recent subscriber and do not feel equal to being counted among the "first thousand," but before the Ides of March come round I will aid to some extent toward the endowment in case your announcement wins the necessary support to enable you to go on with Unity.

It appears to me only just to ask to be dropped from the list. In doing so I cannot refrain from saying that I have deeply appreciated the loving kindness in Unity's sentences. Not always have I agreed with the thought expressed and occasionally felt that there was a mistake, but on the whole, I have much that I would have missed but for your kindness.

From Golconda, Nev.: My wife says it would be a calamity to have Unity quit the game. It sort of holds us to the chain gang. We shall respond to a call for $30 for its benefit.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT.—In the *Protestant*, of a recent date, I note that Mr. Hyacinthe Loyson (Father Hyacinthe) is spending a part of the winter at Nîmes. He is still full of vigor and energy nothwithstanding his eighty years, receives many visitors, grants frequent interviews, and carries on an extensive correspondence with the newspapers, as well as with various notabilities of the Catholic world.

This reminds me that his son, Mr. Paul Loyson, the gifted young poet who feels that he has an imperative call to teach and preach through the drama, not long since had the satisfaction of superintending a very successful presentation of his play, *Les âmes ennemies*, in Paris.

Le Protestant also notes a lecture at Nîmes, January 7, by Professor Edouard Montet, Dean of the Theological Faculty of Geneva, on The Church in America. During his visit to the United States Professor Montet had an opportunity of visiting many churches of varying tendencies and belief. He was struck with the general desire among all the diverse Protestant churches to find, above and beyond their differences, some common ground of union and with the efforts already named in this direction.

Professor Montet's return voyage in October was, as I had already learned from private sources, a very tempestuous, not to say dangerous, one, his steamer, a German liner, encountering a severe four-days' storm off the Grand Banks, which broke the rudder and made her two days overdue on the other side.

From Switzerland comes a copy of the *Basler Nachrichten* announcing the transmission to Mme. degli Asinelli of the sum of 1,000 francs, collected by it for Miss Hobhouse's Boer home industries. Acknowledging that so welcome sum, the little "lady of the spinning wheels" says: "I hardly know how to express my thanks, for I am conscious that my pen is quite incapable of telling all I feel in regard to these generous friends, who again and again overwhelm me with kind deeds and are never weary of showing their love and loyalty in such touching fashion.

"Like a beneficent rain on thirsty ground, this sum dropped into my cash-box. Two devoted friends of our cause, the Misses Haffter and Roth, of Frauenfeld, have collected over 200 spinning wheels, which they will have put in order and ready for shipment to South America at Easter. This large number of wheels so far exceeded their expectations that the necessary expense of packing and sending was causing them no little anxiety. I am sending them today 500 francs for that purpose; the balance of your gift shall hold till later to pay in part the cost of transportation from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria."

Mme. degli Asinelli accompanies her note of acknowledgement with the copy of one from Miss Hobhouse herself, written early in December from Pretoria, in which she says it seems impossible to fittingly thank the Swiss friends for their unfailing helpfulness and generosity, and that, as her hand is worse and her whole arm racked with neuralgic pains, she must be brief and leave to her friend the extending of thanks to those whom she herself cannot reach personally.

The demand for wheels, she says, is constantly increasing, so that they are looking forward eagerly to the arrival of the fine gift of 118 wheels already announced to them. She sends warmest thanks for this Christmas gift and the money sent to pay all the outlay connected therewith.

Thanks are particularly sent to the Frauenfeld collectors for the time and trouble taken in behalf of the cause, and best new year wishes to all the Swiss friends.

Commenting on all this, the *Basler Nachrichten* announces itself at all times ready to receive and transmit contributions for the work. As our readers can see, it says there is still need of such and if we would not leave these industries to stagnation or decline, we must continue to keep heart and hand open for them.

Would that American friends were as indefatigable and persistent! Contributions may always be sent to the compiler of these notes for forwarding.

From Dresden comes the sad tidings of another bereavement in the family of that genial and much-loved liberal pastor, Wilhelm Gamper. A gentle and lovely daughter, her father's helper, com-

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They are sermons to inspire pure living and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—*The Watchman* (Boston, Mass.).

It is clean, wholesome, rugged. It comes from a soul in full communion with Ruskin, Emerson, Browning and other like world spirits. [But] the religion of the cross still contains a subtle and universal power far beyond that of any gospel with the divine Christ omitted.—*Christian Century* (Chicago).

His gospel is hearty, wholesome and practical; his spirit is catholic, humane and inspiring. The temper of the book, like the temper of the man, is bravely optimistic, with hardly a touch of pensiveness.—*The Record-Herald* (Chicago).

All along the line of inspiring in children admiration of large and high ideals, this volume of talks so sane, so sensible, and so stimulating—and that in a by no means easy field—is conspicuously successful.—*The Christian Register* (Boston, Mass.).

My husband spends all his leisure time in reading it to me.—*From a bride who received it as a wedding gift.*

I never knew how beautiful the sermons were until I read them in the book. I can think of nothing finer for a graduation gift.—*From a member of one of the Confirmation Classes.*

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panion and sometimes nurse, has been taken away, following a sister called home in 1905. A simple tribute "to the memory of Bertha Gamper, born 9 September, 1880, died 24 December, 1907," contains her portrait and the touchingly simple address of the bereaved pastor and father at her funeral. One cannot but read with admiring sympathy this sweet and simple utterance of love, sorrow, gratitude and faith, while the close and tender relation existing between pastor and people breathes in every line. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the bereaved family.

Dr. Constantin Nörrenberg, who learned to know and appreciate Chicago during his stay here in charge of the German university libraries' exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, and who has now been for some years at the head of the Landes und Stadtbibliothek of Düsseldorf, sends warm acknowledgement of the receipt of a copy of the Carl Schurz memorial services at the Chicago Auditorium addressed to his library. He suggests that as Carl Schurz was by birth a Rhinelander, the City Library at Cologne would also be delighted to receive a copy.

Dr. A. B. Meyer, whose visits to American museums and libraries and subsequent publications in regard to the same, have made him so widely known in a personal and friendly, no less than a scientific, way in certain circles in America, writes that he has now settled down in Berlin and is busily occupied in seeing his new work on Hozuntum through the press. M. E. H.

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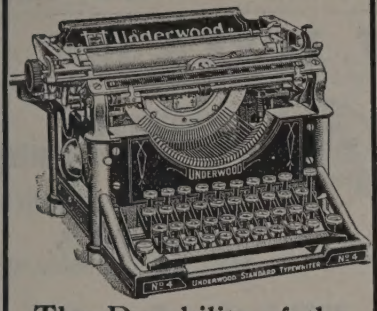

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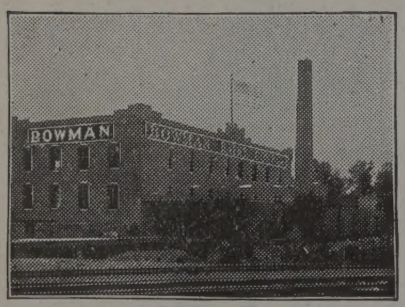

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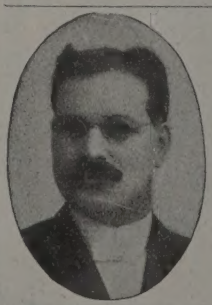

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